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## BEYOND THE VERGE.

Two intrepid travellers have recently started on journeys of discovery, both having the North Pole as their ultimate bourne. Of the two, Lieutenant Peary has chosen the more prosaic route, across Greenland with dogs and sledges; he also took with him some Colorado donkeys, but these have already succumbed to storm and cold. Mrs Peary and one other woman accompany this expedition. Mrs Peary joined her husband in his first expedition to the north coast of Greenland in 1891, having been the first of the weaker sex to tempt the perils of Polar discovery.

Meanwhile, Dr Nansen, the brave enthusiast, leaving his young wife and child behind him, has started in his good ship the 'Fram' on a voyage which he believes will occupy at least five years, during the greater part of which he expects to be frozen up on a moving mass of pack-ice, and to be thus carried by ocean currents across the Polar basin and back along the coast of Greenland. It is a bold and romantic enterprise, and deserves success; but most geographers doubt the existence of the currents upon which Nansen relies, and shake their heads ominously as to the fate of the explorer. And indeed, should there be any truth in the theory of a certain American, neither of the explorers can ever reach the Pole, for the very simple and sufficient reason, that there is no North Pole to reach.

Americus Symmes, the son of a well-known but eccentric father, in order to show his filial piety, according to the 'San Francisco Chronicle,' is organising an expedition to follow the wild animals across Greenland to 'Symmesonia,' an imaginary land, with a delightful climate, and teeming with enormous herds of reindeer, musk-oxen, and other animals, which he believes to exist in the centre of the earth, in a region which he hopes to open out for emigration!

The theory of Symmes's father was, that the earth is a hollow sphere, habitable, and inhabited in the interior; and that, after passing eighty degrees north latitude, vessels cross what he

denominated 'the Verge,' and sail southwards into a cup-like hollow leading into the interior of the earth. This quaint and altogether untenable theory caused considerable amusement at the time it was first propounded, in 1818, by its originator, Captain John Cleves Symmes, of the United States Army, who sent out a circular to all the learned Societies in Europe and America couched in the following terms: 'TO ALL THE WORLD.—I declare the earth is hollow and habitable within, containing a number of concentric spheres, one within the other, and that it is open at the Poles twelve or sixteen degrees. I pledge my life in support of this truth, and am ready to explore the hollow, if the world will support and aid me in the undertaking. . . . I ask one hundred brave companions, well equipped, to start from Siberia in the fall season with reindeer and sleighs on the ice of the frozen sea. I engage we find a warm and rich land, stocked with thrifty vegetables and animals, if not men, on reaching one degree northward of latitude eighty-two degrees. We will return in the succeeding spring.'

But Captain Symmes could not get together his one hundred trusty followers; and after lecturing for years and petitioning Congress many times in vain for aid, he died in 1829, and his project sank into the limbo of forgetfulness, excepting that his grave is still marked by a hollow globe of marble with the inscription: 'Captain John Symmes was a philosopher, and the originator of Symmes's Theory of Concentric Spheres and Polar Voids. He contended that the earth is hollow, and habitable within.'

One would have imagined that with the fuller knowledge of the Arctic regions acquired since the death of this eccentric philosopher, the belief in 'Symmes's Hole' would have entirely died out; but, on the contrary, it seems to be reviving in America; and his son, who must be an old man, is even now preparing to lead an expedition, for which he says he has had seventy or eighty volunteers, in order to prove the truth of his father's theory. 'The expedition,' he says, 'is for

no other purpose than to follow the wild animals out of Greenland into Symmesonia—the name given to that country by my father. Where the animals go, we can certainly follow, as we will go prepared for snow and ice travel as well as land; and we will have a boat to cross rivers, should we have to do so. No doubt we can live in a great measure off the animals on our travels. They will soon lead us into a mild climate, where the soil must be rich and productive. The only reward that we expect is that, if we are successful, it will immortalise the whole party, and will open up a new world for emigration.

The earth, according to Symmes, is constructed somewhat on the plan of those concentric balls so ingeniously carved by the Chinese, at which we have all marvelled: there are spheres within spheres, divided from other spheres by very light gaseous matter, the water of the ocean in places percolating right through to the centre or great mid-plane; and in like manner the earth in certain parts connects the separate spheres, and holds them together. Around the great central hole north and south, the ice and snow are accumulated, forming what we know as the Arctic and Antarctic Circles; and these are denominated 'verges,' and are supposed to occupy twenty-five degrees of latitude. But this icy barrier once passed, Symmes imagines an open Polar Sea, dipping gradually into the centre of the earth, and forming the happy breeding and feeding place of myriads of fish, from whales to herrings, the surrounding land enjoying a delightful climate, and teeming with so-called Arctic animals—reindeer, foxes, hares, &c., all finding therein shelter from the cold, and ample space for grazing on the rich verdure supposed to abound there.

Unfortunately for this hypothesis, Lieutenant Lockwood, who, in Greely's expedition, passed beyond this supposed verge, and attained to latitude  $83^{\circ} 23' 8''$  north, and should therefore have entered upon Symmes's charming Polar Underworld with its myriads of fish and terrestrial animals, found even in May nothing but ice and snow, with here and there a scanty vegetation, just sufficient to sustain a few hares, ptarmigan, and snow-buntings, which, with lemmings, bears, and foxes, seem to have been the only animals seen during sixty days' march; whilst the mean temperature was below zero Fahrenheit during forty-five days, and that in April and May, when in those latitudes the sun would be above the horizon almost continuously. Looking out over the ocean towards the Pole, no fine open sea, teeming with whales, seals, and shoals of fish, presented itself, but, far as the eye could reach, 'a vast expanse of snow and broken ice.' Nevertheless, crustaceans were dredged up, tracks of wolf and fox found, and hares and ptarmigan met with—showing that life probably exists even to the Pole, although wholly insufficient to supply with food even a single sledge-party; so that Lockwood and his companions were obliged to return earlier than they wished, in order to avoid starvation, having eaten only at intervals of fifteen, twenty-four, and nineteen hours, to enable them to travel farther; whilst their dogs were reduced to desperation by famine, and could not

be kept from thieving and gnawing everything, even to the ammunition.

So far, therefore, there seems in actual fact nothing to support the theory of Symmes as to the open cup-shaped hollow of the Polar Sea, and the abundance of life therein and on the coasts adjacent. Still, traces do exist of open water in the Polar seas, especially in a great tide-crack, as it is called, which varies from a few feet to several hundred yards in width, and in the moving ice which has been seen and felt by many Arctic voyagers.

It is this movement of the Polar ice-pack drifting always southwards, thus proving the existence of Arctic currents, which has encouraged Dr Nansen to attempt the hazardous feat of reaching the Pole by allowing his vessel to be frozen up near the New Siberian Islands, where the 'Jeannette' was sunk in 1881, believing that the moving ice-pack will carry him and his vessel across the ocean close to the Pole, and bring him down south, along the coast of Greenland, after the lapse of three or four years, as seems to have been the case in regard to some relics from the 'Jeannette' which were picked up on the coast of Greenland three years after the loss of the vessel.

Mr Seebohm, in his presidential address to the Geographical Section at the late meeting of the British Association, which with its six polar charts illustrative of the temperature, vegetation, &c., of the Arctic regions is of great interest, pointed out very clearly the more substantial reasons for Nansen's faith in Arctic currents. Not only do the Mackenzie and the great Siberian rivers flow into the Polar basin, but the Gulf Stream three or four hundred miles wide, enters it between Spitzbergen and Finnmark, supplying the Norwegians at Hammerfest with driftwood from the Gulf of Mexico, whilst to compensate for this immense influx two return currents from Arctic regions pass one on each side of Greenland, bringing the Eskimos firewood from the forests of Siberia.

Mr Symmes will do well to await Dr Nansen's report before starting on his quixotic expedition. Nansen had at least some reason for his belief, and the support of two or three names well known in Arctic research, and he did not start with any unfounded hope of delightful climate and abundance of food supply, but prudently took with him everything necessary for his support during his long and untried voyage of discovery; and if he fails, it will not be for want of forethought. He knows from experience the difficulties and dangers which await him; and we all trust his courage and enthusiasm may be rewarded with the success they deserve. Meanwhile, we can but marvel that the wild, bleak, and desolate regions surrounding the Poles should have called forth so many daring adventurers to endeavour to probe the mysteries which lie at the 'Back of the North Wind.' The attraction doubtless lies in the unsolved mystery, which gives scope for much speculation, varying in character according to the religious or philosophical bias of the speculator. Hence, whilst Symmes and his followers expect to find a cup-like hollow at the Poles, leading into the interior of the earth, another American, Dr W. F. Warren, writes a book to prove that the Garden of Eden was situ-

ated at the North Pole. He shows by many quotations from ancient authors of various nationalities, that a mountain, which he places at the North Pole, was regarded as the abode of the gods: the Olympus of the Greeks, the Mount Meru of the Hindus, the 'Mountain of the World' of the Akkadians, the Pearl Mountain of the Chinese, the Mount Sion of the Bible; and that upon this mountain, at the very apex of the world, was supposed to stand a pillar, which he identifies with the earth's axis, and which in legendary lore connected the earthly with the heavenly paradise, and was symbolised as a tree, by which the faithful ascended to the abode of the blessed: the Tree of Life of Moses, the Yggdrasil of the Scandinavians, the Sacred Tree of many other ancient races, the Bean-stalk of the nursery tale.

Dr Warren, like Symmes, believes in a delightful climate and an exuberance of life at the North Pole; but he is content to assign these to the Miocene period of geologists. In this he is in accordance with verified facts, for the discovery of large seams of coal, and of fossil trees including magnolias, both in Greenland and in Grinnell Land, testify to the former existence of a semi-tropical climate, where now all is ice and desolation; but Miocene man is at present only a dream of anthropologists; and to consign Adam and the Garden of Eden to the North Pole in Miocene times is to place them very decidedly 'Beyond the Verge.'

## POMONA.\*

## CHAPTER XIV.

The sun of love shines on her; all the air  
Is warm with adulation; only she  
Like marble statue flushed and made more fair  
By very radiance, still stands cold and free  
From sign of yielding.

EMMA RHODES.

'You won't expect me to-morrow,' Maurice had said when he parted from Sage, the evening of the private view. 'I have some business to see after in the morning; and in the evening I have promised to dine with that cousin of mine, Mrs Coppleston, in Brook Street. I met her yesterday morning in the Park, and she made me promise to come, though it's a horrid bore. I think if I get a chance this evening, I shall tell her about you and me, Sage. She's such a jolly old girl, and I'm sure you'd like her. She's not a bit stuck up or fine, though she's very well off, and knows all sorts of nice people. I'll take you up to lunch one day. I should like her to know my little girl.'

And Sage agreed, as she would to any proposal that ended like that—only, in her heart of hearts, she wished that Maurice's friends were not all so fashionable; it complicated the future prospect of the little suburban house and the economies to be practised there.

After the exquisite enjoyment of the day before, the ordinary routine of home-life seemed rather dull; and she felt the separation from Maurice ever so much more now that he was in

London, when every footstep outside might be his, or knock at the door announce his coming. It is often more difficult to endure a slight separation than a greater one, parting for a day than for a year, the distance of a few hundred yards than that of a continent. Perhaps this is because the heart has not time to learn the sad lesson of patience, and in the greatest separation of all—though, is it indeed the greatest?—when death us do part, there often springs up in the bereaved a strength of resignation you would not have looked for in some clinging, exacting nature, that could not till then bear her loved one to be out of sight.

And so Sage was crosser that day than the boys had ever known her, and Will was quite electrified at her disgust and indignation at finding his pocket-handkerchief hung to dry in front of the fire, and the energetic way in which she bundled the Pink un and all his belongings out of the way.

Maurice, too, was not perhaps in the very best of humours that day. He had seen the sudden look of disappointment on Sage's face when he had said that she must not expect him next day, and had felt an odd little mixture of compunction and irritation. The former impelled him to say that perhaps he might come for half an hour in the afternoon; the latter prevented him from doing so. It really could not be expected that he should go every day to Dalston—it was such a pilgrimage from any habitable part of London. Sage was the dearest, best of little girls; but, of course, a man had something else to do, and the best of girls are apt to forget this and grow exacting.

As a matter of fact, he had nothing else to do; and he felt remorseful, and perhaps also a little dull, as he sat alone smoking in Ludlow's studio, for Owen had not come back yet, and Maurice had Collins's house to himself; and though it appeared to Sage that he had so many fashionable friends and relations in London, he really had very few, having been abroad so much of his time.

More than once during the day, he was inclined to cast overboard the masculine dignity and prestige of having something else to do, and go and find Sage, being sure—that is the worst of men, they are always so sure, and the annoying part is they are generally right!—that there would be no need of explanations, but that her face would light up with glad welcome; and that she would believe with humble gratitude that he had given the go-by to important business all for her sake.

But he did not yield to this temptation, but took a nap and another pipe, and then it was time to dress for Mrs Coppleston's dinner. There is something particularly exasperating in dressing; but when once evening clothes are donned, the temper generally improves; and by the time Maurice reached Mrs Coppleston's house, his usual amiability was restored, and her pleasant, cordial reception of him was very agreeable.

'You are a good boy to come,' she said. 'You seemed so very uncertain yesterday as to whether you had not some other engagement, that I began to suspect a stronger attraction elsewhere. I have been expecting a note or telegram all day with your excuses; and I don't think I could

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ever have spoken to you again. But as you have come, I am going to reward you by sending you down to dinner with one of the prettiest girls of the season. Yes; and one of the richest, too, and as far as is known, heartwhole at present; so, if you play your cards well, Master Maurice, there is no knowing what may happen.'

Maurice was among the earlier arrivals in the pretty, tasteful drawing-room, where the soft light from pink shaded lamps fell on exquisite flowers, and on all the easy, indescribable elegance that pervades some people's rooms, and to which others cannot attain, however much money and thought and pains they bestow on it.

Colonel Coppleston received him as kindly as his wife had done. He was generally known among his acquaintances as Mrs Coppleston's husband, and was well content to play that part in life, having a most unbounded admiration for his more brilliant wife, and no wish to assert any individuality of his own, independent of her.

Maurice was standing talking to him as the other guests arrived, and, being in the recess of one of the windows, did not observe the rest of the company till dinner was announced, and a tap from Mrs Coppleston's fan summoned him to be introduced to the lady he was to take down to dinner. 'Miss Lester, Mr Moore.'

It was Pomona, and Pomona so much the more like her picture as the evening dress of the present day is more classical than the out-of-door morning costume, the hair being dressed in almost exactly the same style, with the big loose knot behind and the soft curls on her forehead.

As they passed down-stairs, Maurice said: 'I had the pleasure of meeting you yesterday at the private view, I believe?'

'Do you mean that you met me myself, or saw this wonderful likeness that my friends tell me one of the pictures bears to me?'

'Both,' he answered. 'I could not fail to observe the likeness.'

'Isn't it a very curious thing? There is something quite uncanny about it, for, do you know? I have never seen the artist. I do not even know his name. Some people think he must have painted it from a photograph of mine; but I do not photograph at all well, and have never had a satisfactory one taken; and the picture is certainly more like me than my photographs are; though, of course, it is very flattering.'

'I do not think that,' Maurice said, looking down at the sweet bright face, whose changing expression no picture could do justice to.

'I did not say that to draw out a compliment. But I should so like to find out more about it. Captain Mostyn has promised to find out who this Mr Ludlow is.'

'I think I can save him the trouble. He is one of my oldest friends.'

'Is he really?' She turned to him with such a delighted look of interest, that Maurice felt he was one of the most fortunate of men, and hoped that the other men at the table saw it and envied him. 'Oh, do tell me about him.'

'He is a splendid fellow: there is no one like him.'

'Is he young?'

'No: fifty, I should say.'

'Where does he live?'

'Generally down at Scar, a little seaside place in Dorsetshire.'

'I don't think I have ever been in Dorsetshire since I was a baby.'

'He has been in London lately.'

'Then do you think he could have seen me?'

'No; I am quite sure he has not, for he must have seen the curious likeness to his picture; and it is all the more curious as I know he had begun painting the central figure more than ten years ago.'

'Really! Are you quite sure of that?'

'Perfectly; for I saw it ten years ago in California, where I was with him something like six months.'

'Then that is conclusive that it was not taken from me, for I was quite a little girl then. Do you know who was his model?'

'No one, as far as I know. I believe he drew it entirely from memory.'

'Of some one he had known?'

'Yes—some one he had known, and who had died.'

'Were all the figures painted from memory?'

'No; the others were from models, and painted more recently.'

'Do you know,' she said, 'that some of my friends are not satisfied with finding the likeness to me, but declare that the girl in the right-hand corner bears an extraordinary resemblance to some of the portraits of our family? But I think this is imagination on their part. I don't mean the little, rosy-cheeked girl; but the pale one in a dull green dress. They never can make out any likeness between me and the Lesters; and I am not sure that I care about it very much, as some of them are decidedly plain.'

'Then I should not think there could be any likeness.'

'Thank you,' she said with a laugh. 'But do not trouble to be so complimentary.—Was the girl in green taken from a regular professional model?'

'Oh no; she was a young lady that Ludlow met down at Scar last year.'

'Do you know her?'

'Yes, a little.'

In looking back in days to come, Maurice wished he had not spoken so indifferently. Without being effusively communicative, he might have conveyed the impression that he knew Sage well; but these coolly spoken words seemed to commit him to appearing merely as a slight acquaintance of the girl he was going to marry.

But at the moment he spoke, how could he tell that he would ever meet that beautiful Miss Lester again, or that it would matter what she thought the relation between him and Sage to be?

'Do you know,' she said, 'there is one remarkable thing in the matter which many, even of my friends, do not know?'

'May I know it?'

'I have a very curious Christian name,' she said.

'I think I heard that lady opposite address you as Mona.'

'Yes,' she answered; 'that is how I am generally called; but it is not my whole name—that is Pomona.'



And here the ladies rose to leave the dinner-table; and in the drawing-room Maurice had no further opportunity of conversation with her.

(To be continued.)

### A HERMIT NATION.

BURIED deep in the heart of Asia, and separated from the burning plains of India and from the populous regions of China by stupendous ranges of snowy mountains, there lies a wonderful land. This land is Tibet. Its physical features are most remarkable, for the country seems to consist of a vast central plateau, the greater portion of which lies at a higher elevation than the top of Mont Blanc, and from which descend on all sides great valleys, traversed by the Hoang-ho, the Yangtze-kiang, the Brahmaputra, and the Indus. The Tibetans themselves are a morose and gloomy race, and, sunk in poverty and filth, seem to be degraded members of the human family. But perhaps it is the religion of the Tibetans which is the strangest feature of the country, for the Tibetans are Buddhists of a most extraordinary character. All over the mountains in the inhabited portions of Tibet are scattered the convents of the Lamas, which are full of monks and nuns, and are ruled by abbesses, and by Lamas in red and yellow robes, with mitres on their heads, and with tridents and praying-wheels in their hands. Multitudes of pilgrims traverse the roads which lead to the holy city of Lhassa, the capital of the country; and in the great temple at Lhassa, which is splendidly adorned, the Buddhist priests and monks chant the service, in the presence of crowds of devout worshippers.

Another wonderful thing connected with Tibet is the jealous way in which it is guarded by its inhabitants, and the extraordinary care taken by them to prevent Europeans from entering the country. On the side of India every mountain-pass is carefully watched, and any European who attempts to enter Tibet from this direction is instantly turned back. On the side of China the frontier is guarded with equal care, and so perfect is the cordon in this quarter, that although the borders of Tibet may be reached, they cannot be passed.

Sir Joseph Hooker travelled for many days through the forest-clad mountains of Sikkim towards the Tibetan frontier; but his coming had been announced, and a guard of Tibetan soldiers met him and his attendants on the frontier, and compelled them immediately to retrace their steps. Dr Andrew Wilson passed the Tibetan frontier, but was stopped at the first village by a crowd of Tibetan women, who refused to allow him to pitch his tents; and as the women were supported by the men, he was compelled to turn back.

The Indian Government has lately trained Hindu Pundits to travel in Tibet and make scientific observations; but even this has to be done with great secrecy, and their scientific instruments have to be carefully concealed. On the frontier, these Hindus are strictly examined by the Tibetans, and are frequently turned back. Often, however, they are successful; and after traversing unknown portions of Tibet, they return to India and report their discoveries to the officials

of the British Government, by whom they are rewarded. The most remarkable journey undertaken by these trained Hindus was performed by the Pundit Nain Singh in 1874. He entered Great Tibet from the west, and leaving the headwaters of the Indus, ascended to a vast tableland, divided by a range of mountains from the Brahmaputra on the south, and stretching away for an unknown distance towards the north. Having reached Lake Namcho, he crossed the snowy mountains which rise along its southern border. Then he entered the habitable portion of Tibet, with its towns, convents, and monasteries, and ultimately made his way into Assam, and thence to Calcutta.

In 1889 two French travellers, M. Bonvalot and Prince Henry of Orleans, undertook to enter Tibet from the north; and they have given us an interesting account of their wanderings in a book lately published—*Across Tibet*, by Gabriel Bonvalot. They started from Semipalatinsk, in Siberia, in June 1889, and made their way to Kuldja, an important town just within the Chinese dominions. Here they made the acquaintance of Father Dedeken of the Belgian Mission, who agreed to join them, as he was returning to Europe. Leaving Kuldja, they first crossed the snowy chain of the Thian Shan, the giant peaks of which, known as Bogda-Oola and Tengri-Khan, reach an elevation of twenty-one thousand feet; and traversing a barren country in which the vegetation was limited to the banks of the streams, they arrived at the little Chinese town of Kourla, and here their troubles began. The governor of Kourla professed friendship, but secretly informed the Chinese leading official of the district concerning the European travellers. Shortly afterwards, an order arrived from this great man saying that the Frenchmen must be turned back; but M. Bonvalot and his companions refused to retrace their steps. Chinese soldiers then arrived to stop them, and orders were sent in all directions for the inhabitants of the neighbouring districts to report in what direction the Europeans were journeying, so that they might be turned back. The travellers, however, bravely set out; and although the governor of Kourla threatened to use force to drive them back, he shrank from carrying out his menace, and the travellers proceeded on their journey.

They now descended into the basin of the Tarim, which is a wilderness, and is being slowly buried beneath the sands which are drifting over it from the desert of Gobi. Vegetation and agriculture are limited to the banks of the streams, and these are fast drying up. The Tarim as it runs to the east becomes narrower and shallower, until at last it loses itself amidst a great swamp of reeds which once was called Lake Lob. Even this swamp is drying up, and the aspect of the whole country—which is being fast buried beneath the sand—is melancholy in the extreme. Great towns formerly existed here, but the drifting sand has buried them, and the whole of this part of Asia presents a melancholy spectacle of decay and desolation. The wild camel is found in this neighbourhood. It was formerly abundant near Lake Lob and along the slopes of the Altyn Tagh; but it now exists only in the desert east of the Tarim. It runs rapidly, and is very sagacious;

and the natives hunt it, and sell its skins to travellers.

At last, on November 17, 1889, the adventurous Frenchmen left all signs of human dwellings and human occupations behind them, and bidding adieu to the little town of Tcharkalik on that day, they plunged into the wilderness in which they were to wander—amidst fearful privations—for a long and dreary period.

They first ascended the Altyn Tagh or 'Golden Mountains,' which constitute the southern boundary of the basin of the Tarim, and form the first and lower rampart of the great Tibetan table-land on the north. Great gorges, and barren slopes covered with stones, and sandy ravines devoid of vegetation, spread out on all sides. Still, though winter fast closed in upon them, the explorers pushed on, and at last found themselves deep in Tibet. Their sufferings now became most severe. They were in a wilderness of gigantic mountains, which was totally uninhabited. The snow-storms raged around them day after day, and so awful was the cold that Fahrenheit's thermometer often marked twenty, thirty, and even forty degrees below zero, and on one occasion it actually sank to forty-eight degrees below zero!

Notwithstanding the horrors of the climate, the travellers saw many wild animals in these Tibetan solitudes. Myriads of antelopes careered over the desolate plains; great wild-sheep with splendid curved horns stood on the summits of the rocks; foxes and hares ran about the ravines; and wolves frequently made the lonely nights resound with their dismal howlings. The great wild yak was often met with. Sometimes a single one was seen standing on the top of some rocky eminence gazing fixedly at the travellers, and on other occasions great herds of these magnificent animals were discerned on the mountain sides. The wild ass was also plentiful, numbers of them galloping over the barren wastes, and often congregating in troops. Nor were birds absent; partridges were heard calling on the mountain sides, crows flocked around the camping-places, and great eagles soared overhead. Man alone was totally absent from these solitudes.

As the expedition advanced it attained a higher elevation, and at length a mountain range was crossed the height of which was estimated at twenty-six thousand feet, while the plains around were from seventeen to eighteen thousand feet above the sea. In the midst of this icy wilderness, M. Bonvalot and his companions discovered several extinct volcanoes, from which descended great beds of lava and cinders. One of the volcanoes they named Mont Elisée Reclus, and another Mont Ruysbruk; whilst in the midst of the lava-fields which flowed from these volcanoes they found a beautiful lake. Another sign of volcanic action was the hot springs and geysers which were often encountered. Some of the geysers rivalled those of Iceland in size, but were fast frozen by the intense cold. Lakes were often met with, some of which were salt; in fact, salt lakes fast drying up were continually discovered; and a plain crossed by the travellers was found to be covered with salt a foot in depth.

And so for many a dreary week the travellers struggled on, going ever towards the south, but apparently only getting deeper into the awful wilderness. Their camels and horses died one

after another; and at last death fastened upon their attendants. A camel-driver was the first to perish. Unable to resist the fearful cold, he gradually sank; and his body was buried in the ice, in the midst of a blinding tempest of snow. It was the first death in the caravan, but unhappily not the last. The only hope of saving the lives of the remaining members of the little company now lay in their pushing on as rapidly as possible, and in meeting with some human beings, whom they now longed to see. But New-year's day approached, and still no signs of Man. In fact, this part of Tibet is quite uninhabited during the winter; and it is only in the summer that the pastoral tribes bring their flocks and herds to graze on these great plains, which on the approach of winter they abandon for the milder regions farther to the south.

Presently, the hopes of the travellers were raised by their seeing the remains of human encampments which had not been long abandoned, and they cheered themselves with the thought that they should soon see human beings. At last, on the 31st of January, one of their attendants came running to M. Bonvalot and his companions in a state of great delight, and joyfully declared that he had seen a man! It was even so. A Tibetan was approaching, and he was the first human being—except the members of the caravan—whom the travellers had seen for nearly two months; and worn out as they were with hunger and exhaustion, the sight of a man was truly delightful. Several Tibetans came up and conferred with the travellers; but nothing definite was gained from them. On the next day more Tibetans arrived, riding on shaggy mountain ponies; but they were reserved and suspicious. They at once tried to turn the travellers back, and their chiefs declared that they would be punished if they allowed the Europeans to proceed. M. Bonvalot and his friends were determined to go on; for to return in their condition would have been certain death; and so they pressed forward as fast as their exhausted frames and dying horses and camels would permit. The country seemed to be getting less savage, but it still consisted of great snowy mountains and open plains without the least cultivation, on which the black tents of shepherds rose here and there, and herds of wild asses were roaming to and fro. At last, on February 3, 1890, the travellers gained the summit of a lofty range, and looking to the south they saw the great Lake Namcho—the Holy Lake of the Tibetans—lying beneath them. It was a glorious spectacle. The broad expanse of the lake stretched away like the sea; promontories ran out into its bosom, and islands rose from its surface in many places. On its southern shore rose the great snow-clad mountains of Ningling-Tangla, whose towering peaks attain an elevation of twenty-five thousand feet, and are looked upon with awe and veneration by the Tibetans.

By this time the neighbourhood was thoroughly aroused; messengers had been sent to Lhasa, and horsemen were observed in all directions on the plains, and they surrounded the travellers on every side. These latter were now so weak that farther progress seemed impossible; and the Tibetans would neither give nor sell them any-

thing, and seemed determined to let them die of starvation. Their meat was frozen so hard that they had to chop it with a hatchet, and all their remaining beasts were dying. And now another of their attendants fell ill, and rapidly grew worse. In the darkness of the wintry night the survivors watched round the sufferer, but could do nothing. As the wolves howled round the camp, the dying man felt his end approaching, and calling his comrades round him, he bade them all farewell; then he fell backwards, and his spirit fled. They buried him at the dawn of day, and raised a pile of stones over his grave.

At this critical juncture when the caravan seemed doomed, an *amban* or petty Tibetan magistrate arrived from Lhasa, and peremptorily ordered the travellers to retrace their steps. This they refused to do, and they declared that they would rather die than return through the awful wilderness. The *amban* was perplexed, and declared that he would be put to death if the Frenchmen did not turn back. Ultimately, he agreed to write to his superiors at Lhasa for instructions. Time passed on, and by-and-by a great caravan, containing the leading Tibetan officials from Lhasa, arrived at the place where the travellers were encamped. These important personages—who were the religious and civil governors of the country—proceeded to encamp in great state; and at a solemn conference they ordered the Europeans to leave Tibet by the road they had entered it. M. Bonvalot and his companions still refused to go back a single step, and matters began to look very critical. At length the Tibetans gave way, and granted permission to the travellers to go to Batang, and thence to Tonquin. They also agreed to supply the Frenchmen with provisions and beasts of burden, and to furnish them with a guide to the frontier. These terms were willingly accepted; and shortly afterwards, provided with horses, yaks, servants, and provisions, the Europeans bade farewell to the Tibetan officials, and started in an easterly direction for the Chinese frontier.

They journeyed along the southern edge of the great Tibetan table-land, now ascending to its broad expanse, and now descending into the deep chasms by which its southern front is furrowed, and through which flow the headwaters of the great rivers of Siam and Cambodia. It was now spring, and the weather was much warmer, while grass and bushes were seen on all sides. Often great views were opened up to north and south; and it was observed that while the mountains to the south were precipitous and heavily snow-clad, those which rose to the north on the great table-land were rounded, and only slightly streaked with snow. At last, on the 14th of April the travellers caught sight of a house, the first they had seen for five months! Shortly after, they had a glimpse of cultivated fields, which they had not seen since they had entered Tibet. The hillsides now were—on the lower slopes—covered with bushes and with fir-trees, the villages were surrounded with cultivated fields, and the dwellings of Buddhist hermits were often seen perched on the tops of the towering crags.

On the 8th of June the travellers reached Batang, on the great river Yang-tze-kiang, and shortly afterwards they arrived at Ta-tien-lu,

the frontier town of China. Here they had trouble again with the Chinese authorities, and had to submit to many insults. Fortunately, they met at this place Mr Pratt, an Englishman, who undertook to convey their natural-history specimens to Shanghai. Once more they started; and at length arrived safely in Tonquin, and embarking at Haiphong, they reached Hong-kong, and from thence were carried to Marseilles.

## PHYLLIS MARSDEN'S LOVE-POEM.

### CHAPTER III.

'GRACIOUS! HAIRY. Wonders never will cease. Here is actually an invitation to dinner from the old hermit.' And Kitty flourished a dainty note in her brother's face.

'What old hermit? This sounds interesting and out of the common,' replied her brother, looking up from the breakfast table.

'Why, Phyllis, of course! At least her father. The note is from Phyllis. Listen! "Papa is most anxious to ask Captain Benson's opinion." Well, really! I do hope you feel flattered. Never shall I forget the old gentleman asking my opinion once! I feel hot whenever I think of it.'

'And what did you do?' asked her brother lazily.

'Never gave him the opportunity of asking another, and never shall, either!—The invitation is for Thursday. Phil won't be home, and I am engaged to dine somewhere, never mind where. So you are the only victim.—Stay; what is over the leaf? "P.S.—I have just remembered Mr Huxtable will not have returned home by Thursday; but do come, Kitty. Captain Benson will be bottled up all the evening with papa, and we can have a long chat."—No, no! Phyllis. Much as I enjoy your society, a long dinner seated next your revered parent would be quite beyond my powers of endurance.' So saying, Mrs Huxtable whisked up her letter and disappeared into her boudoir.

Captain Benson leaned on the mantel-shelf, a frown on his bronzed open face. 'She has never taken the least notice of the lines I sent, though I am sure they were pointed enough. She never seems to see; and for the life of me, I daren't "put it to the touch, and gain or lose it all." Three months' more leave, with a possible extension of three more. It's not a great deal of time. Still, it is a point gained to get the entrée of the house. "Lose it all!" Never! I'd wait three months, three years, or thirty, sooner than that should happen.'

And Captain Benson leaned his head on his hand, and gazed meditatively into the fire.

The eventful evening arrived. The three intervening days had been spent by Phyllis in various ways, and in more than one attempt to recover her lost letter. Several times she had taken the opportunity of her father being engaged elsewhere to prowls round the study. She had investigated the paper basket, peeped

into many neat little elastic-banded heaps of notes; but without result. The letter had mysteriously disappeared. Of one thing, however, Phyllis felt certain. Wherever it might be, her father's eyes had never rested on it; and in that thought she took comfort.

Never before had she seen her father so interested. The pile of manuscript notes he unearthed would have occupied many evenings only to glance through.

'Any one would suppose papa expected Captain Benson to stay three weeks instead of three hours. I am afraid when they meet, papa will be a good deal disappointed. I can't imagine his taking a *real* interest in such fustiness!'

Arrayed in a white dress of some soft clinging material, which appeared to have been gracefully draped on to her slight supple figure, Phyllis descended the wide oak staircase, her candle held high aloft. She glanced back at a tall 'coffin clock' that stood in a nook of the staircase.

'Dear me! I am dreadfully late! It is on the stroke of seven!' And she hastily blew out her candle, and setting it on the hall table, turned to the drawing-room.

'Oh! how you startled me! I had no idea you were here!' And Phyllis, blushing, held out her hand to a tall figure, which at that moment was emerging from the drawing-room door.

'I must apologise, both for startling you and for being before my time.' Captain Benson held aside the *portière* for Phyllis, as they passed into the drawing-room. 'Kitty had an engagement to dine with the M'Kenzies, and dropped me here *en route*.'

At that moment Mr Marsden appeared, with a cordial welcome. If he was in any way surprised by the early arrival of his guest, he was far too well bred to show it; and the interval before dinner passed easily and cheerily.

During the meal, Mr Marsden spoke little, and the ball of conversation was kept rolling by Phyllis and their guest. Many reminiscences of the pleasant weeks spent in the summer were reproduced and laughed over; and Phyllis felt quite regretful when, dessert ended, she had no alternative but to leave Captain Benson and her father to entertain each other.

'He really is nicer than any one else!' mused Phyllis, as she sat on a stool and leaned her head against the side of the chimney-piece. 'I think papa *must* like him, even if he is disappointed in his cleverness.'

'No, thanks! I don't care to smoke. I would far rather set to work at once;' and Phyllis heard the study door close on her father and his guest.

Half an hour later, the study bell rang.

'Papa is going to have coffee in the study. I suppose I had better go there.'

She rose. The study door stood open. Robins had just entered with a tray. Phyllis stood on the threshold, transfixed with astonishment. On the cleared table was spread an enormous map; Captain Benson was leaning over it in an excited manner, tracing out a route with his forefinger; while Mr Marsden—Phyllis could hardly credit her eyes!—was leaning over him, one hand placed on the shoulder of the younger man, and a delighted, interested expression on his face Phyllis had never seen there before.

'Just as if they had known each other all their lives! I am certainly not wanted there!'

Phyllis retraced her steps, saying as she did so: 'You can bring me some coffee in the drawing-room, Robins.'

Nine o'clock, ten struck; and still the two men sat on, eagerly discussing the literature, manners, and customs of the country each was so interested in. Anecdote succeeded anecdote, adventure followed adventure; till at last Captain Benson, taking out his watch, said: 'It is almost too late now to settle to steady work; isn't it, sir? But you will let me come again—won't you?—and go through these poems with you. I can come round any evening that suits you.'

'Come as often as you can,' answered his host cordially. 'You have made me feel ten years younger.—But stop a minute! I had quite forgotten one thing.' A curious look of perplexity overspread Mr Marsden's face. He stopped short, and looked at his guest with an almost piteous expression in his eyes. Then, taking out a bunch of keys, he opened a drawer in his writing-table and took out a paper.

Captain Benson watched him curiously.

'I had quite forgotten in the pleasure you have given me that I had another reason for wishing to see you to-night. It is better I should be quite honest with you.' He looked steadily at his guest. 'Captain Benson, I don't like that!' So saying, he placed the open letter in his hand.

If a thunderbolt had fallen, Captain Benson could not have felt more astounded than when he recognised in the paper in his hand his own letter to Phyllis. His bronzed face flushed crimson; but his blue eyes met Mr Marsden's fearlessly.

'I presume Miss Marsden gave you these verses?' He looked inquiringly at his host.

'No. She does not know I have seen them. They came into my possession by accident, among some papers she was copying for me, and'—answering a look in the other's eyes—'I had seen them before I realised they were of a private nature. The letter was folded as you see it now; I could hardly flatter myself the verses were addressed to me.' Mr Marsden smiled grimly. 'When I turned the sheet, I saw they were addressed to my daughter.' He paused, as if expecting Captain Benson to offer some explanation; but none being forthcoming, he went on.

'You have interested me greatly; but if you continue to come to my house, it must be distinctly understood that there is to be no more of this sort of thing.'

'What is your objection to me?' inquired Captain Benson.

'Objection! I don't think I object to you. On the contrary, I like you much.'

'Then I don't understand the difficulty.'

'My daughter is very young; and—and—you know so little of you!' faltered Mr Marsden.

'Time will remedy the first of your objections; so we can put that aside,' replied Captain Benson. 'For the second, I cannot agree with you. Miss Marsden and I were staying, as you doubtless remember, for six weeks in the same house; so our acquaintance can scarcely be called superficial. It is true I have not had the pleasure of knowing you before this evening. But that is through



no fault of mine; for I repeatedly asked Miss Marsden to allow me to call on you when I returned to town, and she invariably told me it would be useless, as you never saw any one.' He glanced inquiringly at Mr Marsden.

'It is quite true. I have been very wrong,' Mr Marsden replied, humbly.

Captain Benson was touched as he looked at the bent figure and the grieved expression with which his host made this confession. He moved his chair nearer. 'Let us talk this over,' he said, leaning forward. 'You say you have no objection to me personally. That is well. I hold a good appointment. I have ample means. I have youth, and excellent health; and, last though not least, I love your daughter.' Captain Benson coloured as he added this last recommendation.

'I did not know it had gone so far,' murmured Mr Marsden helplessly.

'It has gone so far that I cannot possibly withdraw, as you suggest, with honour. I have done everything in my power to make your daughter like me, and to show my love for her, short of actually asking her to be my wife; and I should have done that before we left Dunveth, but that she seemed so unconscious, and I feared to startle her by being too abrupt.—Of course,' he continued, finding Mr Marsden did not speak, 'if you, knowing all this, forbid me your house, I shall have no alternative but to respect your wish. In a few months I return to Persia for three years. At the end of that time, Miss Marsden will be of age; and I warn you I shall then leave no stone unturned to win her for my wife.'

'And I shall have all this to go through again, I suppose, and very likely Phyllis will be unhappy in the meantime!' sighed Mr Marsden. 'And to think of this going on and my never knowing it. I thought Phyllis quite a child.'

Captain Benson smiled. 'I fear you would miss her terribly if you gave her to me.—But why not come out yourself to Persia, and revisit some of your old haunts?—Come, Mr Marsden: you will not now forbid me the house. Let me come to-morrow, and'—

'And read the love-poems,' put in Mr Marsden. 'Well, perhaps it will be the shortest way out of my difficulties. I expect Phyllis has gone to bed.—No; the light is in the drawing-room. You can bid her good-night.'

Reader, shall we leave them? Nay, let us rather exercise our privilege, and for an instant draw aside the curtain of the future.

On the deck of a Peninsular and Oriental steamer lying off Gravesend all is bustle and confusion; for in a few minutes the bell will ring, the tender will put off, and the last of the passengers will be on board. On deck, those on board are waving a last adieu to their friends on the tender. One group only interests us. Standing apart is Phyllis—the same bright, merry Phyllis—but with a new love-light in her eyes; and bending over her a tall, handsome soldier, also an old acquaintance. But who is this?—the last person to leave the tender. Surely not—but, yes; it is Mr Marsden, alert and active, with binocular slung across his shoulders. Six months of the bracing presence of his son-in-law had acted as a marvellous tonic; and he is now proceeding to Persia, he would say for six

months, and Phyllis and her husband humour him.

The last whistle! the last adieu and waving of hands! The great steamer is under way. Let us wish them God-speed!

### PIRACY IN FAR EASTERN SEAS.

PROBABLY every school-boy who was ever worth his salt, at some early period in his teens has sighed because the decadence of piracy as a regular profession necessitated his selecting some more prosaic career in life. Without in any way wishing to encourage his youthful aspirations to emulate Blackbeard or Captain Kidd, or the other worthies of the Spanish Main; and, on the other hand, without desiring to arouse the fears of those of his elders who contemplate running over to Calais, or up to Scarborough, or even across the Atlantic, it may be very truthfully pointed out that piracy is still more or less regularly pursued as a business by thousands of people in various parts of the world. Execution Dock is no longer decorated with dangling gibbets, it is true, and the successor of Tangier's terrible Dey now relies on voluntary visitors for part of his revenue; but the *loup de mer* still infests many a sea, and nowhere does the genus flourish as it does in far Eastern waters.

The Peninsular and Oriental, the Messageries Maritimes, and other China-bound great lines, all expressly stipulate in their charters and bills of lading and agreements with passengers, that they shall not be held responsible for loss caused by 'fire, pillage, or piracy.' Piracy, forsooth, on a five-thousand-ton vessel, speeding at eighteen or twenty knots an hour, along familiar courses, through waters policed by the navies of a score of civilised nations! Yet the condition is not superfluous, even in these end-of-the-century days. For instance, a very serious case of piracy occurred near Hong-kong, on the steamer 'Namoa,' in November 1890, when a crowd of Chinese passengers shot the captain and another European dead, wounded several officers, and looted the vessel, escaping in junks, which sailed up when the victorious signal was hoisted. But although the engine had been disabled, the boilers emptied, and the side-lights thrown overboard, the engineers got the vessel headed for Hong-kong before dawn. The writer had the felicity, a few months later, of seeing a number of the piratical gang made a head shorter. The scene—with its background of rugged hills, the gunboats in the middle-distance, and an evil-smelling beach lined with nineteen dispirited, haggard, unkempt wretches, waiting till the mandarin gave the signal to begin—which signal was delayed until half-a-dozen amateur photographers had obtained a satisfactory focus—the scene, I repeat, was one which will take long to efface from the memory. One of the condemned wretches, in particular, made an unpleasant impression. He was alleged to be the leader of the attack on the 'Namoa,' and as he

was brought to the village Aceldama trussed like a fowl and squatting on a basket, he raved vain-gloriously about his crimes in pigeon-English and Chinese alternately. 'I shall come back in eighteen months and haunt you all,' he threatened. The allotted time is now long past; but Mak Aloï has not yet revisited the pale glimpses of the moon.

China is peculiarly the pirate's happy hunting-ground, and nowhere does he flourish more, strange to say, than in the neighbourhood of the most civilised centres in the south, such as Canton, Amoy, and Foochow; and this, too, notwithstanding the existence of a fleet of small but swift gunboats specially detailed to patrol the rivers, in order to suppress freebooters and smugglers. Comparatively the other day, a steam-launch belonging to a resident at Canton—an English ex-naval officer—was seized by a dozen of these desperadoes under the very nose of the authorities, in broad daylight, and used for a while in pillaging some of the myriad craft which navigate the West River, being ultimately left derelict. Even in Hong-kong, within sight of Government House, these water-wolves have established a regular colony. They refer to their excursions euphemistically as 'going East;' and many an instance of their boldness and cruelty could be given if space permitted.

Although the Japanese are to a great extent a maritime people, and by no means wanting in courage, they are rarely found resorting to this method of livelihood. But on the other side of the Chinese Sea, along the Cochin-China coast, every other native follows it. Although British gunboats have destroyed hundreds of their junks, burnt scores of villages, and hanged a host of men, sailing into Hong-kong harbour time after time with a pirate dangling from every yard-arm, within the memory of comparatively young men—notwithstanding this, and the intermittent efforts at repression made by both the Chinese and French Governments, the shores of Tonquin and Annam are still a terror to navigators, owing to the hordes of well-armed and desperate natives whose canoes are hiding in every creek. Safe in their shoal-girt fastnesses, aided by spies, they swoop down on rich cargoes, or kidnap well-to-do merchants with an audacity that is incredible.

Coming nearer home, we find piracy still very far from a myth. The corsairs of the Malay Peninsula long ago gained a bad eminence; what novel is complete without its chapter on the becalmed brig, assailed by a fleet of praus in the Straits of Malacca or Sunda, massacring the crew previous to carrying off the hero and heroine into a gilded captivity? It is not in romance alone that the Malay pirate exists. One of the best-known figures in Singapore to-day is that of a Chinaman whose arms have been cut off above the elbow, and who lives on the charity of a few residents. A few years ago, the 'Hong-kong,' or cargo-boat of whose crew he was a member, was

attacked just outside Singapore harbour. He and his mates jumped overboard; and when he tried to save himself from drowning by clutching the rudder, the merciless marauders severed his arms with a couple of blows. Fortunately for him, an English pilot was cruising about not very far away in a launch, and steamed up on observing the disturbance. After picking up the men who were in the water, he arrested the six Malay pirates; and a few weeks later they were satisfactorily hanged, the armless Chinaman being provided with a special seat among the spectators in front of the gallows!

It is hardly within the province of an article on piracy to refer to the seizures of vessels in harbour, such as that of the 'Hok Canton' at Acheen in 1885; but whilst in these equatorial latitudes, mention must be made of a British pirate, once the terror of navigators in Eastern seas, who died in 1886 or 1887, at a ripe old age. He had been a man of herculean frame, though old, poor, and racked by rheumatism, when the writer knew him. One of the Scottish Stuarts, he must have taken to evil ways early in life, for tradition attributes to him exploits over half a century ago to which only the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson could really do justice. But no one knows the details. He was not unnaturally reticent on these matters; and it was only by calculating on his violent temper, and 'drawing' him by artfully worded references to some alleged outrage, that anything could be got out of him. Often have I heard him cry querulously, 'I never hanged a woman in Siam!'—and then he would launch out into a narrative of what he had done—how he had been a captive of the Cochin-China authorities, carried about naked in a bamboo cage for nine months; how he had been twice sentenced in Singapore to imprisonment for life, and released through the influence of his brother, an officer high in the East India Company's service, and—this with a boastful air, at which, nevertheless, one scarcely cared to smile—he had never been anything but a pirate!

Only quite recently a paragraph went the round of the papers, announcing a terrible tale of piracy. It was reported from Penang, that the Dutch vessel *Rajah Kongsee Atjeek* had been taken possession of between Penang and Acheen in July of this year by her Acheenese passengers, who murdered the captain (an Englishman), two English mates, and twenty-two members of the crew. The chief mate was a native of Aberdeen. The cargo was left intact by the pirates, whose leader was the Acheenese supercargo. Seven of his accomplices went aboard at one of the ports of call after the Customs officers had examined and left the steamer. This irregularity probably led to the disaster, which resulted in the pirates securing five thousand guilders as booty. Obtaining this, however, they also killed twenty-four passengers and wounded twelve, while eighteen others who escaped in a boat were drowned by the craft capsizing owing to overcrowding. Nineteen passengers and thirty-two of the crew were unarmed. The man at the wheel was first cut down with a sword,

then the chief mate was killed, and next the captain was slain in his cabin, these murders being followed by a general slaughter in the saloon.

### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE most important scientific event of the past month has been the meeting of the British Association at Nottingham, which, while it has not brought forward any great discovery or invention of a sensational character, has been full of interest to those desirous of keeping themselves posted with regard to scientific progress. Full reports of the addresses to the various sections appear in the *Times* and many other papers, and a perusal of these will give the reader a fair idea of the work of some of our best men. Some of these addresses are of a highly technical character, while others trench upon matters of more popular interest. The next meeting of the British Association will take place at Oxford, when the Marquis of Salisbury—whose scientific attainments are well known—will take the presidential chair.

Among the more popular items brought before the meeting at Nottingham was the address in the Mechanical Science Section, in which the subject of locomotion on land introduced the cycle. Of this modern vehicle the speaker, Mr J. Head, spoke in the highest terms, and said that by it the most wonderful increase to the locomotive power of man on land was obtained. One mile had been cycled at 27.1 miles per hour; 50 at 20, 100 at 16.6, 388 at 12.5, and 900 miles at the rate of 12.43 per hour. Comparing these speeds with the speed and endurance of horses, Mr Head referred to the recent race between German and Austrian cavalry officers, which gave rise to so much comment in the press. The winner performed the distance, about 388 miles, in 71.33 hours, equal to 5.45 miles per hour, and his horse has since died. Mr L. Fletcher cycled from Land's End to John o' Groat's house, 900 miles, in 72.4 hours, equal to 12.43 miles per hour, or more than double the distance that the winner of the cavalry race rode, and at above double the speed. Here is indeed a triumph for the cyclist, who has the farther advantage of reflecting that in a long-distance ride he is guilty of no cruelty to an uncomplaining beast.

At the Congress of Journalists recently held in London, many most interesting papers were read, and among these was one of especial interest, by Mr W. L. Thomas of the *Graphic*, who took for his subject illustrated journalism. After tracing the history of this phase of journalism, the reader of the paper, who has been associated all his life with writers and artists, and is therefore in a position to speak with some authority, prophesied that in the future 'the increased power of faithfully recording pictures of current events, will be by the aid of increased discoveries in photography and electricity.' This prophecy is based upon the instrument recently invented by Professor Elisha Gray, called the *Telautograph*, specimens of the

work of which were exhibited before the audience. The telautograph faithfully reproduces at one end of an electrical circuit a line drawn at the other end—save that the reproduced lines are slightly thickened in the process.

Before jumping to any hasty conclusion as to the value and probable utility of an invention like the telautograph, it is as well to look back into the past in order to see what has been done by others in the same direction, and in such a case reference to old textbooks is invaluable. Thus we learn that half a century ago Bakewell's telegraph was able to transmit a drawing executed in the first instance on tinfoil by a varnish-like ink. Later on this form of instrument was much improved upon, and later still Cowper's *writing* telegraph made it possible for a man to transmit his autograph—under certain limitations—by electric wire. So that the advance in the instrument now introduced by Professor Gray is not so great as it would seem at first sight to be. What is really wanted is the means of doing for the eye what the telephone and phonograph have accomplished for the ear. Such an instrument does not seem outside the range of possibility, but it will need a genius to work it out.

One of the greatest and most important monopolies ever created by the patent laws of Britain expires this year. The period of fourteen years for which the holders of the incandescent electric lamp patents were, very rightly, protected comes to an end, and the manufacture of the glow lamps which are now in use in so many thousands of buildings is thrown open to the world. The profit on the manufacture has hitherto been enormous, a lamp costing only ninepence retailing at from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings. Aladdin's lamp itself could hardly bring more profit to its owner than has this little glass bulb inclosing a carbon filament. The price will now come down, for competition is not only threatened from home manufactories which are ready for immediate work, but from Germany and America. But the consumer will do well to guard against the purchase of too cheap a lamp. It will clearly be more worth his while to pay say a florin for a lamp with a life of seven hundred hours, than to purchase two for the same amount, having a combined life of five hundred hours. The present manufacturers will yet be able to kill competition if they reduce the price to a reasonable figure, and will at the same time guarantee a lamp of the old efficient kind.

Messrs Fletcher, Russell, & Co., of Warrington, have introduced a new method of colouring iron-work, which, it is said, entirely prevents rust, even though the metal be brought to a red heat. Indeed, they are treating the gas stoves of their manufacture with the compound. The preparation can be made to assume any desired colour, either dull or polished, and all tints are said to be quite unchangeable. The value of such an invention cannot be overestimated, and it is one which will be welcomed by the decorative designer as well as by the engineer.

Many persons find a difficulty, when looking through a microscope, in keeping the unoccupied eye closed, or if they keep it open, in ignoring the image which it receives of external objects. Dr L. B. Hall of Philadelphia has invented an attachment to the microscope eyepiece which obviates

this difficulty. It consists of a vulcanite shield which can be brought over the eye not in use, so as to darken it for the time being. Skilled microscopists by practice attain the power of keeping both eyes open while at their work, and at the same time concentrating their attention upon the image received by one only. A little practice enables one to do this with the telescope also, and the muscular strain of keeping one eye closed is thus got rid of with great comfort to the observer.

The Corinth Canal is now open to the passage of ships. The work of construction was begun as long ago as April 1882, but it has been interrupted for financial reasons more than once—and the rock through which the channel is cut offered difficulties both in its hardness and height. The canal, for the most part, represents a waterway with a perpendicular wall of rock on either side. It is not quite four miles long, and has an average breadth of one hundred feet. Steamships bound for Constantinople from the Adriatic will save eighteen hours by traversing the Corinth Canal, and Marseilles steamers will in like manner save eight hours.

Any busy man who has experienced the annoyance of waiting at a telephone while the wire he wants is occupied, as he learns through the exchange, by another person, will be inclined to welcome the introduction of an instrument called the Telephonometer. This instrument will register the time of each conversation at the telephone, from the ringing up of the exchange to the conclusion of the conversation. Talking would thus be charged for, like gas, by meter, and garrulous beings would have the wholesome check of expense before them. The Telephonometer has its origin in the German telephone department, where for the future it will control the duration of telephonic conversations, and determine their cost.

It is estimated that in London alone twenty-five thousand horses are employed in the carrying trade, and that their value is a million and a quarter sterling, or fifty pounds per horse. Their food costs eight hundred thousand pounds per annum, and is calculated in rather a curious way, the amount of forage consumed by each animal being based upon its height. The rule is that a horse should cost to feed as many shillings per week as he stands hands high.

It is probable that in the near future horse traction in our streets will be superseded to a great extent by electricity. An omnibus driven by storage cells has frequently been seen of late successfully steering its way through the heavy traffic of some of the principal London thoroughfares. A company at Chicago have placed upon the market an electric carriage which is constructed to carry four persons at the rate of seven miles an hour, and another form of electrically driven vehicle has been introduced in Italy. In each of these cases a small electric motor is employed which receives energy from battery cells carried on the vehicle.

A new system by which smokeless combustion of coal is rendered possible, has been adopted by the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American Packet Companies as the result of some successful trials at Berlin. The system is briefly as follows: The coal is in the first place reduced

to powder in centrifugal disintegrators, and is then conveyed by a jet of steam or compressed air into pear-shaped combustion chambers lined with fire-brick. This combustion chamber takes the place of an ordinary furnace, and the coal dust brought within it by the steam or air jet is dispersed over the whole extent of the chamber and becomes at once ignited. Moreover, as each particle of coal is separated from its neighbour and held in suspension, the oxygen necessary for complete combustion attacks it on all sides, and no wasteful smoke escapes. After the initial combustion of the dust, the air or steam jet can be reduced and regulated according to the amount of dust necessary to produce the required quantity of steam. If air be used, it can previously be heated by waste gases, and thus present an element of economy.

The recent coal strike will have the effect of calling renewed attention to the use of liquid fuels, and this will be particularly the case with our railways, which are put to enormous expense and inconvenience when any stoppage of the coal supply occurs. The Great Eastern Railway are already fitting up twenty-five locomotives with Holden's liquid fuel apparatus, which will burn almost any kind of crude oil or tar. At present these liquid fuels can be had in any quantities at a cheap rate, and it behoves all users of steam power to turn their attention in that direction for the probable solution of the fuel difficulty.

That unsavoury subject, the disposal of the Metropolitan Sewage, has occupied the attention of many thinkers during the last few decades, and we are glad to see that the last remedy adopted has been to a great extent successful in clearing what once was called the silver Thames of its pollutions. During the past twelve months the plan adopted has been to carry the sludge—or solid matter deposited by the sewers—far out to sea in specially constructed tank steamers, and there to discharge it—instead of allowing it as heretofore to putrefy in the river and upon its banks. As an unmistakable testimony to the increased purity of the Thames owing to this innovation, fish are once more ascending the stream. Whitebait, shrimps, and small crabs have come up the river as far as Gravesend and Erith, and according to Dr Günther salmon and sea-trout in the grilse state make their appearance at the mouth of the river, 'ready to ascend and restock the stream as soon as its poisoned waters shall be sufficiently purified to allow them a passage.'

Many serious and even fatal accidents have occurred from the passage of atmospheric electricity along telephone wires during a storm. Recently at Metz, during the progress of some target practice by a regiment of field artillery, a soldier who approached a telephone receiver at the moment that the conducting wire was struck by lightning, was killed, while a companion was paralysed by the shock. It has long been believed that if persons struck by lightning were treated by the artificial respiration system adopted in the case of the drowned, life might often be saved, but this treatment does not seem to have been tried in the case mentioned.

An Indian paper advocates the use of a coloured material for hats as a protection against



sunstroke, and a correspondent writes to say that he has had all the linings of his hats and coats made of yellow material for the past five years. To this simple precaution he attributes his immunity during that period from fever and sunstroke—often under circumstances of extreme exposure. Previous to the adoption of these yellow protectors, he was a victim to both forms of disease.

The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is remarkable for the extreme purity of its air, and the curious physiological effect of breathing it for a period of twelve hours has been recently described by Dr Hovey, the geologist. He found that his perception of smell was increased to such an extent, that after emerging from the cave every tree, person, and common object seemed to be endowed with a distinct odour. This recognition of smells previously unrecognisable caused violent nausea, which lasted for about half an hour and then subsided. The effects are attributed to the extremely pure air of the cave, as well as to the absence for so many hours of anything to stimulate the olfactory sense. In other words the nose, being at absolute rest for so long a time, became extremely sensitive to odours which ordinarily make no impression whatever.

A correspondent of the *Lancet* points out that when sugar is partly burnt in a gas flame it is destructive to mice. He lately baited a trap with burnt sugar, and in the morning found within it a mouse quite dead, and another one lying outside the trap also dead, the sugar having disappeared. This is somewhat disquieting, for burnt sugar, or caramel, is used as an ingredient of many articles of food. May it not be possible that the gas flame may have conferred upon it poisonous properties?

#### DANNEL THE CARTER.

THE stable is quite dark and silent; the five great cart-horses stand motionless; only the mice are lively as they scuttle across the loft above, making a horse prick occasionally a drowsy ear. By-and-by streaks of red light begin to steal under the door, where the patient feet of the horses, passing in and out year's end to year's end, have worn the stones down. Gradually the shadowy forms of the horses grow out of the darkness; as the light gets stronger, they stir, and there is an air of expectancy about them; then all the ears prick up, and all the heads turn towards the door as a footstep is heard coming through the yard—a brisk, trotting footstep. The horses greet it with low, snuffling whinnies. The next moment the top of the door is thrown back, letting in a flood of light, and a man walks in. He is a little old man, clad in a white linen jacket and corduroys. His first act is to go up to each horse in turn and pat each head and firm strong shoulder; then he goes and leans his arms on the half-door and looks out for a moment or two. His withered face is so brown and wrinkled that it is like a walnut shell; he has a pinched nose, a pursed-up mouth, and small bright dark eyes. His whole expression is keen, honest, and obstinate.

There has been rain in the night, and the thick moss on the barn-roof is vividly green. Long

bright drops drip from the thatch; on the top of the cowhouse, a flock of sparrows are chattering and quarrelling; a long line of ducks march through the rickyard, stopping occasionally to paddle about in a puddle or dive their bills into a pea or bean rick. The old purple-breasted drake leads the way; his bright green glistening head is as brilliant as the wet moss on the barn-roof. They waddle off down the quiet road to the pond. How cool and greenly translucent the pond looks in the early morning light! The nut-boughs hang over it, and once in a while a nut slips its tawny husk and drops with a gentle plash into the water; or a yellow leaf floats down, and settles so softly as to cause scarce a ripple. There is a dragon-fly skimming across it, with a rustle and flash of glittering colours, a wonderful gleam of copper and purple, of emerald and turquoise. At sight of the cool green water, the ducks all rush forward, flapping their wings; then pause, when they have waded half in, to drink as greedily as though they had not stopped at every puddle on the way! There is no more still reflection for the little pond; the ducks splash and dive from one end to the other, till Daniel—or Dannel, as he is always called—the carter comes down with the horses and sends them quacking away. The horses hurry forward—Diamond, the old black mare, going in till the water laps against her deep strong chest. For a minute or two they stand drinking, drinking a long fill; then they slowly and reluctantly get out of the pond again. Doctor, the great brown, by virtue of his age and sobriety, is allowed to go without a halter. How he revels in this little bit of freedom! Stopping to eat a bit of the emerald grass growing along the gutter that flows from the pond, pulling a mouthful out of the hedge, going to look over a gate, and then coming along with a leisurely and independent gait, paying no attention to Dannel's shouts of, 'Hoot! Doctor!' as he stands holding the yard-gate open. The farmyard is all awake now; the cows are being driven into the milking-house, with a great deal of barking and excitement on the part of the rough old sheep-dog. A man is leaning against the stable wall, talking to the cowboy; he is a new-comer, just engaged as 'carter's mate.'

'What sort of a old chap be he?' he inquired as Dannel came in at the gate.

'Oh! he be middling enough, but a bit queerish; he can't abide the women!'

'Why's that?'

'Ah! he'll tell you that himself, sure enough; he be ter'ble fond of talking of it!' answered the boy, moving off, to allow the horses to enter the stable.

'Good-mornin', mate,' said Dannel civilly. 'If you'll come along o' me, I'll show you which be the horses.—This be Punch,' pointing to the roan at the beginning of the stable; 'and that next he be Poppet, and Vi'let, and Black Di'mond; and this here be Doctor. I'll warrant he be a good hoss, that he be,' said Dannel, passing his hand proudly over Doctor's shining flank. 'Treat un kind and he'll do anything fur you; but if you offers to hit un, he'll go through hedge wi' you! That be all; and I'll be bothered if you could see a purtier lot anywheres! And now, I 'lows we'd better begin feedin' on 'em.'

There was a rope-ladder in one corner, leading

to the loft above, which Dannel ascended; and a moment or two after, a quantity of clover came tumbling into the rack above the horses' heads. When they had finished eating, the two men began to harness them. As they went out of the yard, Dannel glanced round and said: 'You be holdin' your whip wrong; you must hold un as I holds mine!'

Jim shifted his whip with a half-smile, and they went on in silence till the field was reached. The sky was stormy; huge masses of cloud hung heavily, casting great purple shadows on the hills; the blue showed here and there between the clouds, and the sun shone fitfully. At this time of year everything has a softened look; most of the pale stubble-fields are yet unploughed; the trees are toned down with buff and brown tints; there is a haziness over the distance; and the hedges are gray with wild clematis; while a white dew lies over the grass. The flowers are gone, save where a dandelion still lingers, or a campion a little deeper pink than its sister-flower of the summer, or the tiny weed-flowers that creep about the fallows.

The two men harnessed the horses to the harrows and began to lead them up and down the field; another man and a boy joined them, and collecting the couch into heaps, set fire to it. A flock of sea-gulls came flying inland with a whiteness on their wings as of beaten silver.

'I'll warrant we be goin' to hae stormy weather, you,' said Dannel with a wave of his whip at them. 'When you sees they plagy gulls a-comin' in, you may be sure 'tis goin' to be rough.'

'Ah! And I seed the old sow a-carryin' about straw to make her a bed,' said Jim.

'There be a many ways o' tellin' what the weather be goin' to be,' said Dannel; 'but what you can goo by more nor anything, be they little red bird's-eye flowers; they shuts up so tight when rain be a-comin', I've often a said to my mate: "It be goin' to rain; they bird's-eyes a-shutting up;" and sure enough there'd be rain afore long; and then, when it be over, they'll open again, and look so innocent!'

'The moon looked queer last night; I thot we war goin' to hae a change,' said Jim; 'he was late last night.'

'Ah! he be allus three-quarter o' an hour later every night till he comes to the full.'

'Aw! I didn't know that; I thot he warn't particular whether he gained or lost, till he come to the full.'

'Yes; three-quarter; you ask anybody, he'll tell you that.'

There being no wind to blow the smoke from the couch-fire away, it hung white over the field. It was very still; the only sounds besides the rattling of the harrows were the voices of some children blackberrying in the distance, and tinkling of a sheep-bell from some sheep turned out in the fallow.

'Tis time we knocked off and had our dew-bit,' said Dannel at last, leading the horses off to the hedge; where the two men sat down and brought out their breakfasts, while the horses munched contentedly away at the hedge.

'Hev you bin here long?' inquired Jim presently.

'Forty-five years, man and boy. I come here

cowboy; then milkman; then carter's mate; then carter, same as I be now.'

'How come you to turn carter, if you began milkman?'

'There was an 'oman in that,' growled Dannel. 'Drat 'em, they be in everything!'

'What she got to do wi' it?'

'Why, 'twas like this yere,' said Dannel, settling himself as though for a long tale. 'There was me and a dairymaid—the finest-lookin' maid ever I set eyes upon! I can see her now as plain as I can you'—a half-wistful expression came over the old man's face—'wi' her eyes as black as kickseys [sloes], and her cheeks like car-nations; but her heart was as hard as a Isle o' Wight cheese—that it were! And I was a gurt chap, halfways betwixt eighteen and nineteen. Half-past five I got up and got the cows in. There was six for she to milk, and six for me; but she'd be off every mornin' a-courtin' her spark—so I heerd arterwards—and left me to do 'em all! I thought I was keepin' company wi' she all the time, you sees! Lor, lor, lor! what a foolish errant she did send me on! He was carter's mate here, same as you be now; and one fine day off they went and got married! Dear, dear, how the folks did laugh. I felt like a snail wi'out a shell. But wold maister, he said they hadn't a treated me well sarvin' me so; and he didn't think much of him best o' times; so he gived 'em both the sack, and put me on in his place, fur I wouldn't hae nothin' more to do wi' milkin'; I was that soured, I'd hae turned the milk!'

'Be that why you be a single man?' inquired Jim.

'Yes, 'tis. If a hoss kicks me once, I'll warrant I don't go anearst his heels again in a hurry!'

Jim took a long pull at his tin bottle of tea, and said: 'Coz one 'oman med a fool o' you, weren't no call to think all on 'em would. Now, there be my missis; I don't know what I should do without she!'

'All I've a got to say be that there baint no trust to be put in 'em,' said Dannel doggedly. 'They be like a shyin' hoss—you never be sure on 'em. They've a hand in all the trouble as ever comes into the world.—Ah! I often thinks o' that young hussy Eve, when I be out in the fields a-harvestin' and a hay-makin' wi' the sun pourin' down fitten to melt you! 'Twas all along o' she as we've got to arn our bread by the sweat o' our brows!'

The sun came out as the day wore on, shining on the mellow tints of the hedge, where the maples had turned yellow, and the bracken russet. Sometimes a cart would pass along the road, and its driver shout a remark to Dannel, who would at once give Jim a long account of him, his family, past history, and place of abode.

When the other men went home to dinner, Dannel went up to the farmhouse, and presently reappeared with a large junk of bread, some cold pork, and potatoes. He sat down on a heap of straw in one corner of the stable and slowly consumed his dinner. The big black stable cat came purring round to share it. Dannel slept at the farmhouse, and was supposed to have his meals there; but he always preferred to take them away with him either into the fields or the

stable. When his dinner was finished, he lay back on the straw and had a peaceful nap till Jim came back again. As they were reharnessing the horses, there came a crowing, chuckling sound, and a little girl of about two years appeared. She stood laughing, and putting her small round head, which was covered with scant yellow hair like spun-silk, round the door as she peeped up at Dannel and called, 'Yannel! Yannel!'

The old man's face completely changed—it became positively illumined. 'Well, my dove, and what do you want?' he asked in the most blandishing tones his rough voice could take. She toddled off towards Doctor. '—You wants a ride on Doctor, that's what you wants. Well, you must give wold Dannel a kiss fust!'—She at once laid her soft cheek against his hard brown face. '—You be artful, you be,' he said beamingly. Then he lifted her on to Doctor's great back and held her there.

'Who be she?' asked Jim.

'Oh! the little un up at the farm,' replied Dannel.

At this moment a sharp-faced, bright-looking, elderly woman appeared hurriedly. 'There—I knew she'd be here,' said she. 'Directly my back be turned, that bad maid be off to stable!'

'And why shouldn't she, if she've a mind to it?' said Dannel in a surly voice. 'Where you'd allus be off to, if you'd your way, would be to shop, a-squanderin' your wage on finery, makin' yourself look like a old sheep in lamb's guise.' He looked at her with a chilly and distrustful expression as he spoke. Dannel always was oppressed by a fear that every unmarried woman who came near him wanted to marry him.

'Be you going to keep that child here all day?' inquired Sarah blandly.

'Run away now, my lovey,' said Dannel, dropping his voice to a softly amiable tone again. 'And to-morrow, I'll take you out in cart.'

The baby went off, holding Sarah's hand, but still turning to gaze back at Dannel.

'I never know'd nothin' so knowin' as that maid be,' said he, watching her admiringly. 'She took to me from the first, that she did! I'll warrant I could stop her cryin' when nobody else could, when she war a little tiny baby!'

'I wonders you'll hae anything to do wi' she, considering as she'll be an 'oman one o' these days,' said Jim with a twinkle.

'Ah! but my maid be goin' to be worth the whole lot o' 'em boiled down!' said Dannel with conviction, leading the horses out of the stable as he spoke.

'His maid' was the only person to whom he ever unbent; she was the only one he never snubbed or snapped at. She always rode in the cart when he went to cut fodder for the horses, returning on the top of a load of sweet-smelling clover; or in winter, when he went for turnips or straw, she sat in the front of the cart carefully wrapped up in his coat. On Sundays he hung about round the kitchen door till she came out, when he would take her 'a-flowerin'' when the summer grass had grown long and golden with buttercups; or a 'bird's-nestyng' in the spring, to see the horses when they were tethered out, or the cows milked. There was always something new and delightful.

Gray clouds were blowing up from the south

across a stormy yellow, when the last weeds were cleared off the harrows and put on the fire; there was a dull fiery red where the sun had just set, but opposite was a bit of clear pale blue sky with one quiet star. The reflection of the sunset sky cast a subdued light down one side of Dannel and the horses, as they went through the dark field beneath. In the distance, blowing up a great cloud of white smoke against the dark hills, was the couch-fire. Jim stayed to give it a final stir with his prong till it flashed up so red a flare that the paling glory of the sunset, the little white star, and everything round, seemed to go dark in a moment.

The stable was dark when they reached it.

'I must go up and get some candles fur my lantern,' said Dannel.

There was a pleasant smell of new-baked bread filling the kitchen as he entered it, for Sarah was just pulling the hot loaves out of the oven.

'There's your tea ready for you over there,' she said, pointing to the dresser; 'but you'd better stop and have it by the fire, for it's a bit chillish out this evening.'

'No, thank ye,' said Dannel suspiciously. 'I'll take it with me. What I be come for be some candles.'

Sarah reached up to the high mantel-piece for the candles, and in doing so, knocked off a candlestick and bent it. She picked it up and tried to straighten it.

'Here; give it to me,' said Dannel, taking it and putting it straight. 'Dear! how helpless the women be!'

'You're that conceited, Dannel, I've no patience with ye,' said Sarah, ruffled. 'I'll warrant there baint many things as you can do as I couldn't, if I tried.'

'Can ye sow?' asked Dannel with great contempt; 'or thatch, or mow, or plough?'

'I dessay I could if I tried to it,' replied Sarah undauntedly; 'and I've a sowed beans, and thatched our bee-hives; and I'll tell you what I've a done!'

'Your words, Sairey, comes out as fast as the chaff do when we be a-threshin', and wi' about as much sense in 'em as the chaff have grain.'

'There's good grain comes out, too, Dannel, when you be threshin'.'

'If there be any grain in the women's talk, I'll warrant it be mowburnt, and nothin' ever comes o' it!'

'If no good comes o' our words, 'tis because the men's minds, Dannel, be but bare and stony ground for 'em to fall on!'

Dannel could think of no retort to this, so he went off, saying: 'Dear! dear! how the women do talk!'

'Don't forget to bring some candles for me, if you goes into town to-morrow,' called Sarah after him.

'Yes,' replied Dannel grumpily, and departed.

In spite of his dislike to 'the women,' Dannel never forgot any of the numerous commissions they gave him to do when he went into the market-town. He always put a series of knots in his great blue-spotted handkerchief; and when he got into the shop, he would draw it out and go through the different knots in an under-tone: 'This yere be the meat fur to-morrow's dinner; and this two reels of machinery cotton black;

and wicks fur the lamps; and a penny o' cough drops; and— Oh yes! this be it; this little titty tiny un at the end o' it!—Three pounds o' tea if—you—plaze!

On one occasion a rather eccentric aunt of the master's, staying at the farm, told him to go and order her a bonnet. 'And tell them, Dannel, it's to be a plain one!'

Dannel was just starting with a load of straw to the town. He looked rather sour, but said nothing. When he reached the millinery establishment, he drew the team up outside it. It was a snowy day, and he had his long great-coat on, faded, by years of exposure, to a dull greenish brown. It was powdered white over the shoulders with snow. In one hand he held his big brass-mounted whip. He opened the door and walked sturdily in. 'You be to make Miss Dixey a bonnet,' he said in his strong rough voice; 'and you mind this—you baint to put none o' they cockelorum jigs on to it!' Having said this, he walked out of the shop, waved his whip to the team, and went on with his load of straw. The bonnet arrived in due course, and proved satisfactory!

He was a strange, obstinate, crusty, old man, living a solitary life, out in the fields all day, always in company with the horses, till such an understanding grew up between him and them that they knew every wave of his hand or whip, every tone of his voice. He took a wonderful pride in them; and in the evenings, when the other men went home, he would stay in the stable grooming them and plaiting their manes and tails with straw and ribbons. In the winter, when the wind was blowing in freezingly under the door, and the long icicles hung from the thatch, sparkling in the frosty white light of the moon, and the horses' hair was all ruffed up with the cold, he would be driven up to the house, where he would sit over the brewhouse fire reading his Bible by the light of his lantern. He always read aloud in a loud monotonous chant, raising his voice still higher if 'the missis' or Sarah came in, and choosing such parts as he thought at all applicable, such as, 'Let your women keep silence in the churches;' 'and everywhere else, says I!'

But one evening the 'little maid,' playing round the kitchen table, fell on the hard stone floor and cut her hand. She began to wail and cry pitifully, and a moment after, Dannel's head was thrust round the kitchen door. 'What's the matter with Polly?' he asked with an angry glance at Sarah.

'You needn't look at me like that!' she said indignantly. 'I han't done nothing to her. She fell down.'

Polly held out a small chubby hand with a bleeding palm to him.

'Wait a moment, my little maid, and I'll soon cure that,' said he, hurrying off to the stable, and reappearing with a large cobweb, which he wrapped round the wounded hand. The novelty of this so pleased Polly, that she stopped crying, and began to laugh, though the tears were still trickling down her cheeks.

'Got any picture-book, Sarey?' asked Dannel, picking Polly up, and carrying her off to the chimney corner.

Sarah produced a battered volume from the

table drawer; and Dannel turned over the pages and explained the pictures, till Polly becoming sleepy, Sarah carried her off to bed.

After that, Dannel often came into the kitchen of an evening, and would sit in the chimney corner and tell Polly stories of the different horses he had had under his charge, and of his own experiences as a little boy 'minding' the rooks. He was always very civil to Sarah on her own ground, and on one occasion he even went so far as to pay her a compliment. She had just been cleaning the kitchen, and the floor was snow-white, save where it took rosy tints in front of the blazing fire. The dresser had been polished till it shone again; the coppers under it twinkled with brightness. Dannel cast an admiring glance back at it, as he was preparing to depart, and said: 'The kitchen looks proper, Sairey! I 'lows you knows how to get round the table!'

Sarah was silent with astonishment for some time after; then she said: 'Well, there! I declare Dannel be like a Ribstone apple, he improves with keeping!'

#### DESERTED.

Will you remember, when, at close of day,  
The crimson sun in alien skies is burning,  
The eyes that see his rising far away,  
Eyes dim with their long watch for your returning?

Will you remember, when, at last, at last,  
These weary eyes are closed in dreamless sleeping,  
How they would brighten for you in the past  
Ere their long night of watching and of weeping?

Will you, perchance, when many days are over,  
Come back, with broken heart, to die alone,  
Find the old places, but no friend, no lover,  
No home where once you knew them all your own!

Ah, then you will remember, sad and old,  
This heart which loved you, and which you have  
broken—

The heart which would have blessed you and consoled,  
And all the tender words I would have spoken.

You will remember then, and, slowly burning,  
Old memories shall eat into your heart,  
Of all my passionate hope, my hopeless yearning,  
Surely at last you too shall bear your part.

Oh, I could curse you—if I did not love you!  
You, who have made my life a heaven, a hell.  
I hate that passionless sun that shone above you,  
Yet—for he looked on you—I love him well.

D. R.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the *writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.*

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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